

Lance Mazmanian
note@mazmanian.net
Micro Fiction (265 Words)

Infinite Ghost at End Beginning End

Amour glowing; strange shore sparkle in black sand of heartbeat. Odyssey unexpected, for sure.

In the massive house, anyway...

Cliffs on black sky, stars in plethora dance. Her shadow (blocking suns) hits with pitch and glory. And her eyes: diamond brazier of Asscher cut for so many worlds in layer. Add parchment spool and wild dust of chariot.

And time.

I'm willfully lost in roaming halls of hers, no map or candle. Alarming, yes, but curious yet dangerous for those ill-tended and ill-suited for the infinite.

Hers.

Shifted corridors of the place, light and shadow palette in jumping spark. Neither white nor black bulbs. Yes, catwalked mezzanines all of grey grey grey. With a sometimes alabaster stripe, or hot light coffee on a tray.

Her gossamer wardrobe floats between, moving but maybe not. A puzzle in 3D is the house, ghostly angles all too far away, yet very close. Vineyard of phantom ideas and foolish fortune.

Smear through the distance are peaks of frozen air. A pink pudding with white mountain streaks and chains, lit by a moon that's possibly mad. It's all so lovely. However...

The realms in her court...numerous and rare. Phenomenon; mystery. Winds carry poppy and a sense of great age. Power of lunar arc, bloodstone carvings in a hall.

Behind the night lurks a passage through which hands of daylight roam. This is the journey, now. And the hot light coffee, too.

But it's all at an end and her fabric stirs like quantum orchard. No exit tonight, or tomorrow. As long designed.

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Her shadow, a spectre in svelte Chanel, perhaps.

End.